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CUCKOO:

OR, THE

Welsh Embassadour's Application to the *Raven*, in behalf of the *Mag-pies* and *Jack-daws*.

IT may be admir'd that I should visit the World before the Roads are cleaner, and my Voyce better prepared by eating of raw Eggs: But my Embassy being partly forced, and partly necessary, I shall in the first place give the most convincing Reasons for this my so soon and unexpected Expedition. I was first allarm'd in the British Territories with the *Bear-baiting*, and afterwards awakened with the Chattering of the *Raven*, who invades the Æthereal Territories, and, as his custom is, abuses the Feathered Common-wealth; so that neither the *Mag-pies*, nor *Black-birds* can escape his Croakings: Which moves me, as Duty requires, to incourage the Winged Region, whom the Boadings of this unlucky Bird might affright. I that am the Herald of the Spring, and the Declarer of fair Weather, have roused my self out of my Winters sleep to inform my self of the Truth of this Noise made about the Fledged Common-wealth; and though I am of the Feathered Tribe, yet my Name *Cuckoo* is known to many of humane Race. And I must affert, that in all my Rambles about the World, I have not made my self so Obnoxious to Mortals as the Ill presaging *Raven*, who seldom speaks any thing but Death where ere he comes; neither have I seen him upon any Country Steeple stringing his Head, and uttering his dartful Accents, but the Church-wardens looke which way he turn'd his fatal Beak, concluding Mischief must fall upon that place pointed at. This unclean Bird that never returned to the *Ark*, after it found Carcass to prey upon, must now not only Stigmatize Birds, but the very Lords of the air Common-wealth must be subject to his unlucky Yawls and Descants. And for this reason the *Swallow*, in *Æsop*, thought to desert the Woods, and make

her Habitation with Men, because the Winged Fraternity would not take her Advice: Even so I am resolved to come near to humane Habitations, and let the Cities and Towns participate of my well known Echoes, rather than I will Associate with *Ravens* and *Dawes*, and *Carren Crowes*, who are of so morose a Humour they love no Birds that are Gayer than themselves; thus I find the *Raven* hereby envies the *Mag-pies*, because of their Party-colours. But why the Simily must be made to abuse one of the most Reverend Order of Men, is a Thing the *Cuckoo* cant resolve. Neither did the greatest Fabulist ever I knew, or heard of, make use of Metaphors to abuse the Profession, but the Vices of Men. But neither Birds, nor Beasts, nor the *Welsh Embassadour*, can be so blind, as not to perceive that the old Drift is pressing on; and before I part with this Observation I must tell from the *Wallick* Coasts whose Embassy I bring, that if at any time the *Pyes*, for just Reasons, suspended their Duty to the Æthereal Prince, yet they never, like the *Jack-dawes*, brought him to the Extremities of Death, to renounce his Vertue and Education, in hopes of Life, and afterwards left him to be Necked by the Buzzards, a Race of fearless Creatures that rose up against, and took away the most sacred Head the Sky covered in that Day. And I must add this, Mr. *Raven*, if some of the *Mag-pies* have been faulty, as what Bird is there so Beauteous, but something may be said to him, I can produce a number of *Dawes* that have out acted the the *Pyes*; and though one Reverend *Pye* lost his Head, it was not for his Wronging of any of the Birds, or Compounding his Debts, but he was Craked and Screamed out of it by the Unfortunate and Ominous *Jacks*, those *Royston Crowes* that carry a Colour different from their Voice, those who envied the greatness of his Nest, the vicinity he had to the *Eagles* Pallace; and it necessary to baul him Dead, or else 'twould have been difficult to have Unperched the Royal *Eagle*, who, had he been permitted to stand, his *Eglets* kept under his Care, 'tis more than possible but our British Coasts might have been more Happy and Peaceable and better Settled than for some Years they have been. And if it happens that any of that Royal Race was perverted from his Duty, surely it is in some Sense owing to those feral Birds that made it their cruel Business to learn him more wild flights in another Forest.

This has been told the unhappy *Dawes* and *Buzzards* so frequently, that it may give them some reason to think there are more *Cuckoos* than my self, for this has sounded above forty Years since through all the Groves, Forests, Woods, Plains, Mountains, and Vallies, not only on our British Coasts, but it hath rung its Peals through the Universe. This evil dealing of the *Dawes*, has doubled the Cape, and incircled the Globe; for this was not done in a corner, and if suffering alters the nature of Birds, surely then those whom the *Raven* calls *Magpyes*, were the sweet Tongued *Thruskes*, the pleasant *Philomets* whose Charms pierced above the Æthereal Sky, and ascended to second those Hallelujahs, that the more Noble of the Tongued Quire are imployed in. But how it should come to pass, that these *Dawes* and *Buzzards* should so alter their Voices on a sudden, let Mounsieur *Nicolets* Philosophize in his next Sermon, of the Second Part of the Dissenters Jubilee. Thus far have I spoken Mr. *Raven*, as a *Cuckoo*, and because my Name is not like yours, yet I must tell you I am related to some of your

Family

Family if not to your self; and since you assume to speak and to write Letters, I that for Thousand of Years have spoke more intelligibly and sensibly to humane kind then the *Raven* ever could do, must discharge my Embassy from the Race of *Brute*, or *Brutains* Country, by giving humane Race some Cautions of those ambodextrous Animals, that would Snarl a Scandal out against their Father, and Print it too, to get a Pound by it. When the Reverend Bishops, now termed *Magpies*, stood in the Gap, and durst withstand a Crown'd Head for God's sake, then what Flocking to see them, by the most incensed Party against them? What Prayers put up for them, even by their Enemies? Then they were Golden Candlesticks, they were not Princes Metal. If one or two be supposed to be grown Rusty, if they be Scowred they will Brighten again, as well as the *Throstles* and *Nightingales*, as you call them, that Sang best when Briars and Thorns were under their Breast. If any of them did their Duty to the then King, by Submission and Obedience, as the Laws of the Lord and of the Land did require, so long as their Consciences were not intrenched upon, 'tis wonder to any considering Person where the Fault was: But if any of that Reverend Community did Glose and Flatter, 'tis admirable how the Birds of other Coulers, the Black, the Brown, the Medley, did cringe and creep. What fulsom Addresses were presented? What Harangues made? What Promises of Duty and Allegiance? and because the King then Regnant dispenced with Oaths, the Yea and Nay Men came in with their Cant, *To thee O King*. The Pensylvanian Prince sputtered out his Reasons for repealing of Penal Laws and Test. Most needy Sectaries undertook that hopefull Work; and would rather put out Reason it self, that endeavours the good of Community, and extinguish all honest Principles, to further the good Work of rooting out Prelacy; an Order that stood unshaken, as I am told, in *Brytayn*, ever since Christianity appeared there, except when dashed with a Cloud in the late Memorable Days of Division and Destruction. And it ought to be told, by the malecontenst *Jack-daws*, what the rest got by getting themselves Nested in the Royal Pallaces of Kings or Prelates: Indeed they were scarce warm in their Nests, but the *Buzzards* drove them out again, and the Monarchists were for unroosting them. The *Lion* was Couchant: *Venner*'s call was, who shall raise him up. The aim of most Men tends to advance Worldly Interest, and not the Purity of Faith, or Sincerity of Morals; there being Vices enough to declaim against by the most active Satyrist. The Persons or Functions of Men may be let alone, none being so Mole-eyed, but that though we are devided in our Judgments, yet all Parties make it their business to agrandize their Interests. For which Reason I shall give you the Sense of a Welsh Poet, that was a little Prophetick as has been told,

The English-man both bold and strong,
The Flemings stout and hardy,
The valiant Welsh-men will be first,
To take the French-men tardy.
Our Ships by Sea, our Men by Land,
Will pull their Courage down;
And make Men know King *William* will keep
The Mitre next the Crown.

So that if Men can but unite, if all the fledged Flocks can but agree, there is no doubt but the event will be good unto every one; but if Misunderstandings arise, as they will assuredly sometimes in the most orderly Communities, it is not convenient that the *Ra-*

you should croke against the *Pyes*, nor for the *Hawks* to be made Rulers over the *Pidgeons*, nor for the *Jack-daws*, those waggish Birds, to get Possession of the Dove-houses: For if there be not Order and Restraint, the *Sparrows* that formerly Lodged under the Eaves, or in the Holes of the Thatch, will soon be imboldened and come into the Houses; I mean, into the Habitations of the better sort of Birds; and by their unceasant Chirping, and venerous Treatment of their Mates, in clandestine Manner will force them from their antique Dwellings; and there is no way left when they have Possession but to lay Nets to catch them: For if you should go to drive them out, they will creep in again, at one Hole or another. For I cannot get out of this volatile Figure, and 'tis known Hempseed is good when grown to make Nets as well as Halters: But so ineffectual are both these usefull Instruments for some Amphibious Creatures, that it must be difficult to fasten them with either. For the World is sensible enough, that Passive Obedience is a Document swallowed only by the House Fowl, such as are the Barn Door Attendants, and the silyest of them too will hardly take suffering Patiently. For there is not a Welsh *Goose* in hur Country but will Cackle before hur dyes; for hur very *Ducks* cry Quack, Quack, afore hur let hon kill hur; as for hur *Woodcocks*, and such long Pills, hur is fain to make Nets to catch hur. But all her Country was renounce the *Ostrich*, that hur call hur, and the worst Welsh-man was not call hur so; for was once an *Eagle*, and owned by all hur Lords so to be. Therefore was hur thought was no Manners to call hur any foul Names; thus was spoken as the Sense of all honest *Pritteynes*. Now as to the latter part of hur Embassy, I shall deliver it in English, learned since I came to *London*. That I am come in the Name of all honest true hearted *Brytaynes* to admire and respect the Reigning *Eagles*, to wish them all Happiness in their lofty Seats; that neither chattering *Pyes*, nor unlucky *Daws*, nor ill-boding *Ravens*, nor fearless *Buzzards*, may annoy their Majestick Seats; that peacefull and long Days may attend them; that Victory may conclude what War has began; that all Heats and Jars, all Animosities, may be stifled before they break out; that all the Groves, the Forests, all the Trees and Woods, may joyfully Entertain the Royal *Eagles*; that under their Dominion all the noble, usefull Birds may thrive, live, and do well; the Banefull and Delstructive kept under, by Forest Laws; and the innocent *Wren*, and the familiar *Robins*, may be so nourished as to Chaunt forth their Dittoes unto them for many Years. And now I have performed my Embassy so far as I am authorized by my Commission. Farewell *Don Kainophilus*, my Service and Duty to my Lady *Iris*. Down falls the Sash Windows; Cuckoo, Cuckoo, says the Welsh Embassadour.

FINIS.

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